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A SHORT ACCOUNT
OF THE BARBAROUS
MURDER

Committed on board the Brig,
EARL OF SANDWICH,

B Y

P. MACKINLIE, G. GIDLEY, A. ZEKERMAN,
and R. St. QUINTEN,

WITH A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF
RICHARD St. QUINTEN,

Taken from his own Mouth in *Newgate*, the Evening
before his Execution.

Just and true are thy Ways, O King of Nations.
Rev. xv, 3.

L O N D O N:

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Dorset-Street, Crispin-Street, Spitalfields.

A SHORT ACCOUNT

OF THE BATTLE

MURDER

Committed on board the ship

EARL OF SANDWICH

BY

R. MACKENZIE, B. GRANT, A. J. GORDON

and R. S. GORDON

WITH A PREFACE BY

RICHARD M. GORDON

Author of the "History of the British Navy," &c.

LONDON: Printed by J. G. & J. H. GORDON, 1841.

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Advertisement.

THE following Account was taken without any design of its being made public. But some persons, who had seen it, supposing it to be the most circumstantial narration of the series of incidents attending this barbarous affair, and thinking it might give satisfaction to the public; urged its publication. *St. Quinten*, himself expressed, in effect, the same desire.

As to what relates immediately to him, from the time he was confined in *Newgate*, till his execution; it is sufficient to observe, that the facts here related of him, give all reasonable ground to suppose, he died in the true faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was, as to his natural disposition,

somewhat heavy, and slow of apprehension, though a man of ordinary sense, which might account in some measure for his want of that particular spiritedness of expression in the *good confession* he *witnessed* to the last, which has been observable in several like monuments of the Divine Mercy; particularly in the late *Edward Weir*, whose case is generally known in this city. A century may not produce exactly such another as his; but extraordinaries are not essential to genuine conversions. *Repentance towards God, and Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ*, are all the Scriptures make necessary. And these, as far as could be judged from appearances, were found in *Richard St. Quinten*.

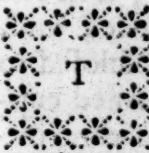
DUBLIN, *March 6.*

1766.

A SHORT

A S H O R T

A C C O U N T, &c.

 H I S melancholy scene, it appears, began first to be meditated upon at the Island of *Teneriff*. While they were there, *Peter Mac Kinlie* said one evening to the persons afterwards concerned, that they had much treasure on board, and that they might make their fortunes by going off with the vessel. He spoke it with seeming indifference : so the matter went no farther then.

On their return home, just as they entered the Bay of *Biscay*, *Andrew Zekerman* secretly acquainted *Richard St. Quinten*, that he, *Peter Mac Kinlie*, and *George Gidley* intended to make away with the rest of the ship's Company, and secure the treasure on board for their own use : And that they intended him as an accomplice : *St. Quinten* entirely disapproved the design, and could not believe, as he declared, they were really in earnest. *Zekerman* charged him to say nothing about it.

The next morning the three persons already named spoke of the affair to *St. Quinten*, while they were at breakfast together ; adding that if he offered to disclose it, he himself should be the first sufferer. They sought an opportunity that night to execute their bloody design ; but missing it, resolved to defer it 'till they came into the channel ; supposing that then, the passengers at least, would go on shore, and so render the perpetration of it more easy and less bloody,

Beside the other considerations which prompted them on, one was, their having, unknown to the Captain made away with a considerable quantity of the wine on board; so that they feared, on coming to *London*, they should be transported.

During nine days, which was the time spent between the Bay of *Biscay* and their arrival at *Crook-Haven*, they continued stedfast in their bloody design. Tho' *St. Quinten* affirmed to the last, he did not believe they would ever actually execute it.

They spent six days at *Crook-Haven*, in which time, *Mac Kinlie*, being one day in Liquor, took one of the Custom House officers on Board aside; and, after asking if he could keep a secret, disclosed to him the whole matter. The Officer informed captain *Cochran*: But he, imputing it to a fit of drunkenness, and without any real foundation or confiding too much in his own valour, took no notice of it.

On the third night after they had set sail from *Crook-Haven*, being the 30th of *November*, 1765, at about the distance of nine Leagues to the South West of the Island of *Scilly*, the bloody scene began, in the manner following.

Between the hours of Ten and Eleven, Captain *Cochran* being then on the watch, together with *Mac Kinlie*, *Gidley*, and *Zekerman*, and walking on the Quarter Deck, *Mac Kinlie* stept from the main Deck towards the compass, as tho' he would observe the ship's course; and watching his opportunity, as Captain *Cochran* turned his back towards him, seized him round the middle, and forced him on the main deck; where *Gidley*, being prepared, smote him with an Iron Bar on the head, which immediately killed him. Upon hearing the captain's outcry, and the noise on deck, *St. Quinten*, being then dozing in the Fore Castle, ran up, and seeing *Mac Kinlie* and *Gidley* laying hold of the dead body, assisted to throw it over board.

The Mate and his brother, *Charles* and *James Pinchent*, who were then under deck, hearing the
noise,

noise, ran up. *Gidley* immediately fell on the mate with the Iron Bar, with which he had just murdered the Captain; but missing his blow, the Bar fell overboard. He then called to *St. Quinten* for help, who, coming to his assistance, they threw him overboard.

Captain *Glass*, in the mean time, looking up, and seeing what was doing, stept back to the cabbin for his sword: which *Mac Kinlie* perceiving, hastened down after him: and concealing himself behind the ladder, on Captain *Glass*'s return, as he was half way up the stairs, took hold of him with the left arm, and with a knife in his hand, ript open his belly: the Captain at the same time saying, "O *Peter*, sure you will not serve me thus." *Peter* then called out for help: upon which *St. Quinten* ran and took the sword out of the Captain's hand. *George Gidley* then coming up, took the sword from *St. Quinten*, and passed it several times through the Captain's body, who then fell back into *Mac Kenlie*'s Arms.

Gidley, in the mean time hastened to dispatch the Mate's brother, with Captain *Glass*'s sword: but finding it somewhat difficult, *Mac Kinlie* went to his assistance, who in the scuffle received a wound in his arm, through the young man's body.

By the time they had thrown him into the sea, Mrs. *Glass* and her daughter came on Deck. She asked, in great consternation, if they had been run upon by another vessel? And whether Captain *Glass* was dead? She had for answer, that their Captain had been out of his mind, and attempted to kill them all, and that they had flung him overboard. She shriek'd and said, her Husband was dead.

Mac Kinlie, who had just then taken the helm from *Zeckerman*, cried out to him, to throw her overboard; and added in a rage, "You have done nothing yet." Upon which, *Zeckerman* laid hold on her. Her daughter that instant flew to her arms, and both perished in the sea together, by the hands of *Zeckerman*.

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They then drew up the dead body of Captain *Glass* upon the Deck; and after trimming the sails, stript him of his watch, buckles and every thing of value about him, and threw him overboard.

Having thus far proceeded in their most bloody design, they all, except *St. Quinten*, whom they left to steer the vessel, went under deck, to clean themselves from the blood with which they were disstained, and dress the wounds, which another of them, beside *Mac Kinlie*, had received during the Fray.

They then made for the *Irish* shore. When they had got within the distance of three leagues of it, they put out the boat; and having loaded her with 270 bags of Dollars, and two or three pound weight of Gold dust, they knocked out the Ballast-Port of the ship, in order to sink her, and put off for land.

Captain *Glass*'s Boy, on seeing them put off, and knowing the condition in which they left the ship, leaped into the sea, and swam after them. He got up to them, and laid hold on the Gunnel of the Boat. *St. Quinten* took hold of him to pull him in, which he declared, ne intended to do with the greatest willingness; upon which, the rest cried out to him, and swore, if he did, he himself should go overboard. *St. Quinten* then let go his hold. The Boy, finding there was no relief, took off his hat, which till then he kept on, lifted up both his hands to heaven, and after uttering "O Lord, have mercy upon me!" instantly sunk, and was seen no more.

The other Boy, yet on board the vessel, put about the helm, and made towards the shore, which those in the boat perceiving, when they were about a mile and a half from land, turned back, to provide for sinking her more effectually. By the time they came well nigh up with her, the other Boy had been washed over board, and the ship overset.

And now, their design being compleated, they thought only of securing and enjoying the reward of their villany. But the devil is only concerned to seduce his servants; Their protection he leaves to them.

themselves. He sets them on work; but their wages is only death, The justice of God pursued them, and would not suffer them to live. His divine providence has been, in all ages, peculiarly conspicuous in the detection and punishment of murderers. The Heathens themselves, by the light of nature, and from frequent observation, discovered an over-ruling providence, in this respect; as appears from that passage in the *Acts*, relative to St. Paul, after his having been ship-wrecked, and escaping to the Island of *Malta*. "The barbarous people, says he, shewed us no small kindness; for they kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold. And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat, and fastened on his hand. And when the Barbarians saw the venomous animal hang on his hand, they said among themselves, *No doubt this man is a murderer, whom tho' he hath escaped the Sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live.*" *Acts 28.*

These unhappy men now made for the Highlands of *Dungarvan**. But to their surprize found themselves, at length near the Light of *Waterford*. They went on shore about a mile from *Duncannon* Fort, between which and the Light-House they hid 251 bags of Dollars among the Rocks. They then made towards *Waterford*, landed at *Fisher's Town*, and buried six bags more of Dollars. Here they hired horses and rode on to *Ross*. They left *Mac Kinlie* at a public-House there, to take care of what treasure they had among them, requesting him to keep himself sober; the other three in the mean time, went back for the six bags they had buried at *Fisher's Town*.

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* The Writer of this account, has some doubt concerning the exactness of this passage. St. Quinten's words were "the Island of *Dungarvan*." But as there is no such Island, 'tis presumed he meant the Highlands, which are well known.

On their return they found *Mac Kinlie* had, contrary to their directions, got himself in liquor, with a number of the Towns-people about him, with some of whom he had changed Dollars to the amount of 300l. for Gold.

The next day, they bought three case of Pistols, hired each a horse, with two guides, and rode off for *Dublin*; where, not long after, they were, by divine providence secured in *Newgate*.

Saturday, March the 1st, near three months after their committal, they were brought to trial, and received sentence of death, which was accordingly executed the *Monday* following. They were afterwards hung in chains.

Richard St. Quinten, from whom this account was taken, was second son to *William* and *Mary St. Quinten*, in *Yorkshire*. He was born in *September, 1745*. At eleven years old, his parents hired him, at his own desire, to serve in an Inn, at *Kingston upon Hull*, where he continued three years, much approved both by his master and mistress.

He then resolved to learn a trade, returned to his Father, and continued at his business of Shoe-making two Years and a Half. His thoughts began to rove, as he expressed it. He bound himself for three years to serve on board a Ship belonging to *Mr. William King*, Merchant at *Hull*. From a certificate which the publisher of this account has seen which this gentleman sent to the *Lord Mayor of Dublin*, it appears that he behaved well in his employ, was remarkably obedient to his parents; and not known to be chargeable with any crime, other than the common frailties of humanity, in its present degenerate condition, 'till this most barbarous affair in which he was concerned.

After he had been some time in *Newgate*, he desired to be visited by some of the people called *Methodists*. Their advice to, and prayers with him, seemed

seemed not to be without effect. He became deeply sensible of the horrid wickedness of his crime, and earnestly desired every assistance that might contribute to his finding mercy with God. Beside the daily visits which were made him on this solemn occasion, he had a letter of advice sent him for his constant instruction. There appeared still more marks of penitency upon him; which gave strong hope that, after all he had done, our gracious God would be merciful to him.

He was repeatedly informed, that, in case of true repentance, the mercies of our Lord are without bounds; that *though our sins be as scarlet*; never so deeply tinged with aggravated guilt, *the blood of Christ* can make them *white as snow*; that *whosoever cometh to God through Christ, he will in no wise cast out*. That *he was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him*; that *by grace we are saved thro' faith*; and, in a word that *all things are possible to him that rightly believeth*.

As it appeared he had been too great a stranger to the scriptures, he was the more astonished at these sayings, and began to conceive strong hopes, that seeing the mercy of God is free thro' Christ, *who came into the world to save sinners*, it might go well even with him. He therefore cried mightily to God, spent great part of the night in tears, and endeavoured to make the best use of his little time.

The night before he was brought to trial, he had been reading the tenth chapter of the epistle to the *Romans*, with, as he said, a *bleeding heart*. As he read on, he perceived, of a sudden, lively hope and consolation spring up in his soul; and, in a kind of transport, said to those about him, "My sins are all forgiven me!" He instantly determined to give the court no trouble; but to confess his guilt before all men: believing, as he said, that to tell a deliberate lie would then endanger his salvation. He did so accordingly, and received sentence, as he told one, who afterwards visited him, with the utmost composure.

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He was visited at his own desire, on *Sunday* evening, by one who had been with him before, who spent two hours with him in a separate Room. He assured him he never was so happy in his whole life. He continued so all that night. The morning he suffered, he was again visited by a friend, who found him employed in exhorting *Zeckerman*, the Dutchman, with such earnestness as made him inattentive to every thing beside, and pointing him out passages of scripture to read. He was asked how he had spent the night? And put him in mind that his hour was now approaching. He said he had had two or three hours sound sleep. He added, "I know the power of God is with me. I believe all my sins are pardoned. I shall be with God. I am ready to die, as I know it is just I should suffer."—He was asked at the Gallows, if he was afraid to die, and if death was terrible to him? He said, repeatedly, "No, no." The Clergyman who attended at the execution, expressed his hope and belief that they should find favour with God. *St. Quinten*, said with a low voice, but so as to be heard by some who stood near, "I know it, I know it." He went off, witnessing a good, though not the most triumphant confession.

F I N I S.

